

a__L-I-N-E__from *Friedrich Engels* & other__poems__

By Mark Young

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...Young's poetry slices right through the center, extracting the nectar discarding pistil, stamen and stigma...and letting the pedals fall. He is searing, seasoned and salty, but too light-handed to be severe. "I've frozen my eggs, applied / scented lotions to my body. / Now I wait for the arrival of / the magical/mythical powers" "...the presence of a President who doesn't / understand most of the words he uses." "The cabin crew were diabolical. They / played the movie backwards..." While a clear blue sky might be thought to be most desirous, one scattered with billowing, cottony, cauliflower, cumulous clouds rivals its irresistibility. In this same way, Mark offers both drifting clouds and warming sun with enigmatic clarity.(To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page.)*

A line from Friedrich Engels

I've frozen my eggs, applied
scented lotions to my body.
Now I wait for the arrival of
the magical/mythical powers

that have been promised me.
Such is the thrill of being
young. Such is the naivety
that comes with it. I am off

to the family's cotton mills in
England tomorrow. My brother
is collaborating on a book
which he hopes Luis Buñuel

will turn into a film next century.
Meantime he's off to fight in the
Gallic Wars. *Gallia est omnis
divisa in partes tres* he tells me.

An / idealized approach / to describe phenomena

Her hypothesis was that the reason short-ranged attractive colloids have received renewed interest in terms of their semantic metadata can be put down to the presence of a President who doesn't understand most of the words he uses.

That makes him an ideal control, & also a window through which scientists can determine if there has been any significant change in IMPF in 3-week K-depleted rats.

geographies: Clermont-Ferrand

The volcanoes of Auvergne
congregate in the evenings
at a bistro in the Rue du
Séminaire to discuss the day
just passed & whether any of
them has heard anything
new about their recent petition
to be allowed to stand for the
municipal council. "Only a few
rumblings," said the oldest of
them, "& most of those were mine."

Cottage Industry

The local luthier is a
potent free-radical

scavenger who has
really effective filters

to block all those
colors in visible light

that are influenced by
film noir or tragedy.

A / couple of / random eye movements

The cabin crew were diabolical. They played the movie backwards, pointing out that many trimorphemic words are structurally & semantically ambiguous, that though the eye might be able to follow what was being shown, the mind will be able to process only a very few parts of it. It seems to go in waves. A sophisticated search mechanism has been employed to undertake a final proof-edit

in response to various complaints. Preliminary results suggest that many passengers think they're seeing a man in a comatose state about to be intubated. Most of the remainder think that what they've been watching is an animated version of a Salvador Dali painting — some plump for *The Persistence of Memory*, possibly because the melting watches are all they know. The more sophisticated claim it's *The Burning Giraffe*.

A line from Kellyanne Conway

Ahab's whale gambols in the Oval Office — that's where the color of the building comes from. Otherwise, yellowbrick is the bread &

butter of the city. It was a consequential decision. The app for Telugu movies is an exclusive feature which, apart from my

gender, my lack of fluency in the language doesn't qualify me for. Looked for other opportunities, didn't realize what was being said,

nodded. Only afterwards was it made clear that the turmeric monopoly was being offered in return for certain political favors. But once the

market was satisfied, & there was surplus stock remaining, other uses had to be found. We faked an economic boom. New buildings. Turmeric-infused. Yellowbrick.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Take a couple of words, Google them, search the initial page for a sentence, a phrase, a few words, even a single word, that catches the eye. Copy & paste the results. It's sometimes a good idea to repeat this on this first screen in order to provide a slightly wider range for the next search.*

Pick a couple of words from the results. Google them & repeat the procedure. Repeat until there's most of a page of extracts to build from. Occasionally the search may start looping, especially if software or gaming or scientific words or products become incorporated. Occasionally the search may end up in a desert. In those cases, go back & pick another couple of words.

The above comes from a talk, later turned into an essay, from about ten years ago, but it's a technique I still use much of the time. The complete essay can be found on the AngelHousePress site. http://angelhousepress.com/essays/mark%20young%20-%20stochastic%20acts_the%20search%20string%20as%20poetry-1.pdf

AUTHOR BIO: Mark Young was born in New Zealand, & currently lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia, but his books have been published across the world, from Scandanavia to the U.S.A. He has been publishing poetry for over sixty years, & is the author of around sixty books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, creative non-fiction, & art history.

Recent visual &/or text work has appeared or is to appear in Word For/Word, Die Leere Mitte, Home Planet News Online, SurVision, Marsh Hawk Review, Hamilton Stone Review, Utsanga.it, & BlazeVOX, among other places. New books scheduled for imminent publication are *from 1750 words*, from SOd Press; *sorties*, from Sandy Press; & *The Toast*, from Luna Bisonte Prods.